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THE CRAYON.

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Sketchings.

EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

NO. IV.

OF the general tendencies of the color in our school, it may be well to say something in connection with the Exhibition. Every school has some peculiarity in this respect, which gives a more intelligible characterization of it to the public than any other quality. We have, in this respect, followed somewhat closely the English school, which, with less uniformity throughout, and more determined individuality, embraces all extremes of color, but if bad, generally so through exaggeration and excessive warmth. A very large proportion of the pictures in the Academy, show that their artists had been led into the mistakes of supposing that extravagant use of red and yellow makes pictures warm, and that warm color is always desirable. Not stopping to cavil on the propriety of calling colors either warm or cold, since it is enough that the terms are understood; we admit that the warm color is more grateful to the eye, if not too warm, or "hot," but at the same time it must be evident that it loses its real value if not justly compared with cool or neutral tints. Here, indeed, is the great mistake of the majority of our painters—they do not study how they may make moderately warm colors effective by the use of their proper foils. "Quality" of color is much thought of, but the most wonderful quality of refined color, that it produces glow without mere pigmentary excess, is too much lost sight of. The test of the colorist is really the quiet and harmony of his color, not that gaudiness which many painters, and too large a portion of the public, mistake for the work of a colorist.

There is no doubt that our painters generally work in an overcharged key of color, and this may in part be attributed to the same cause as that to which, undoubtedly, the same result may be ascribed in England, viz., the habit of painting for the Exhibition. If, in a gallery of truly painted pictures, you should introduce one painted in the hot tone of many of our artists' works, the effect would be, that they would seem all lifeless and chilly; so that the artists, whose pictures were before correct, must add something in force of color, or be overlooked; and thus commences a struggle for the highest attractiveness in color, in which every man must be making continual advances, in order not to be thrown into shadow, or be unnoticed. As little as we generally esteem color, it is, perhaps, of all the requisites of Art, the least easily judged of, and the most difficult to determine excellence with respect to. We all receive certain general impressions of color from Nature, and generally we are satisfied with their reproduction, or an approximation to it—the subtler modulations of color we never see, nor do we feel, as we ought, the perfect harmony which is above all things characteristic of the color of Nature. If you will look from almost any one of the warmer landscapes in the Exhibition to the forest scene of Durand, you will be struck with a greyish tone, which seems to pervade the whole picture, and from which there is not one object discordant—it is a unity of tint, so to speak. This should be the first aim of every artist, and though it does not make one what is technically called a "colorist," i. e., an idealist in color, it is the basis on which every colorist must build. It is the first great essential truth of color, and is only reached by the most careful study of the *actual color of Nature*. This will always be found to produce, among young artists, results which, seen indoors, we consider cold; and if the artist is in earnest, he will prefer this coldness, which he feels to be truth, to mending the fault by what he knows to be a falsehood. Thus, for instance, in Hubbard's picture before alluded to, the prevalent tone is, to one who has not studied from Nature, cold, and perhaps slightly disagreeable, but take it out of the Exhibition, and you will feel the coldness no longer.

Yet, it is true, as hinted by the expression we used above, "idealist in color," that there is a quality which is more impressive, and perhaps more valuable, than the real color of natural objects—and, if we can, by enforcing certain qualities of tone and intensity of color, without destroying harmony, produce a more powerful impression, it seems perfectly justifiable, and even desirable, to do so. Art is not merely a system of facts told by painting or sculpture, but rather of emotions and impressions of which those facts are the vehicle. But, to idealize in color, demands natural gifts, which few artists, even, possess; and no rules or criticisms can direct us how to supply the omissions of Nature in this regard. The only safe rule is, to adhere rigidly to the color of Nature, and as the eye becomes accustomed to delicate

shades of difference and subtle harmonies of tint, it will be better fitted to direct the painter through the difficulties of tone and harmony, by means of which color is idealized. The great problem in color we believe to be the representation of the exact relation of sunlight to its shadow, so that local color shall be felt to be the same, either in or out of the light. When this is attained, everything else becomes easy. A good example of this will be found in the distance of Cropsey's Mount Washington.

Portraiture presents lessons in color more easily read than those of landscape. We detect at once the falsehood in a complexion which we should not feel on a sunset cloud—and it is in portraiture, accordingly, that we shall find really the best color, and the most refined colorists. Gray's half length portrait of a little girl, No. 16, is a most perfect piece of refined, harmonious color, giving a wonderful glow with very little absolute force of tint. It is ideal in its color. No. 130, by Baker, is an excellent example of refined actual color. Huntington's portrait of a gentleman, No. 42, is admirable in its fullness of color, well harmonized—and two portraits by a new name, Mr. Darby, Nos. 6 and 12, exhibit a fine feeling for color, manifested by harmony of grey tints and yet great freshness. Elliott is almost proverbial for the clearness and brilliancy of his flesh tints, particularly in subjects which admit of high color. Nos. 202 and 188, by Greene, are very fine in color.

Beyond the quality of color, there is not much to criticise in the portraiture of the exhibition. Gray's portrait, just alluded to, is a most admirable thing in its composition and the ease of position of the figure, and, indeed, the *Art* of the whole is very refined—but this and the large portraits by Hicks and Baker, are the only ones in which anything beyond likeness is attempted, or anything in the direction of genuine Art cared for. These latter are more than simple portraits, and should have been judged rather as pictures. We may place too much importance on a simple incident, but there seems to us much poetical feeling in the introduction of the window looking out on the snowy landscape, in Mr. Hicks' picture, with the branch, snow-ridged, jutting across, and, the hyacinths in their gay glasses coming up against it. Baker's portrait has had given it the importance of an historical work, by the introduction of a matter-of-fact background, full of study and incident.

To the Editors of the Crayon:—

In your journal of March 14th, I notice Mr. Richards' article on the National Academy, and I must say that our worthy secretary, in his desire to say something pleasant and encouraging, has gone a little too far; in his description of the Academy as it was, as it is, and is to be, he has built us a veritable castle in Spain.

I do not doubt that this panegyric of the Academy was written with the best intentions, but in whatever way we choose to look at it, its consequences must be injurious, not only to the institution it praises, but also to the progress of Art in New York; its effect upon those of the academicians and others who confide in its statements, will be to throw them into a plea-

sant state of torpid contentment with the present state of things, and dispose them to look with indifference upon any effort at improvement; while, to those who think differently, it is painful to compare the fairy fabric of the secretary with the institution as it really exists.

The secretary says, "The Academy has striven to accomplish its mission, by the establishment of a thorough system of instruction in all departments of Art." What the result of these strivings has been we all know, and it may be worth while to compare it with the means adopted by European academies to accomplish their missions. Take Düsseldorf, for instance: the chief aim of that academy is education in Art, and not the conferring of empty honors, for there they have no academicians, no associate and no honorary members; but they have competent professors of anatomy, perspective, drawing from the antique, from life, landscape, figure painting, architecture, engraving, and the history of Art.

Our secretary goes on to say, "It is also an institution of honor, creating incentive to struggle by its acknowledgments of triumph, with academic position and honorary distinction." Forty-nine academicians and sixty-nine associates, one hundred and eighteen in all, in this city, whose artist population does not amount to one hundred and seventy-five! Who will say after this, that Americans are not fond of titles, and that their desires are not, in a moderate degree, gratified?

As regards these honors, however, there is one serious drawback to the state of bliss in which our good-natured Academy has placed us, and that is, that nobody affixes N.A. to an academicians name, and what associate is there who would not look with utter astonishment upon A. N. A. tacked on to his name?

It may be said that if we accomplish nothing else, at least we have an Annual Exhibition; but I do not think that even that fulfills its object, which is to awaken and cherish a love of Art, and not to make money; but, as it is, neither of these ends are accomplished, from the fact that our exhibitions are so poorly attended; probably not four thousand of the nine hundred thousand inhabitants of this city will see the pictures now in the Academy rooms—the people never see them, and they never will while the present rate of admission is charged, but reduce it to five cents, and the true object of exhibiting will be accomplished, while the coffers of the Academy will overflow.

GEORGE H. HALL.

WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & Co., have just received two pictures by the late Thomas Duncan, the Scotch artist. They are considered as among his finest pictures, and represent "The triumphant entry of Prince Charles Edward into Edinburgh after the Battle of Prestonpans," and "Prince Charles Edward asleep in one of his hiding-places after the Battle of Culloden." These pictures excited great enthusiasm in Scotland at the time of their production, and are well worth study by our amateurs and painters. We shall discuss their merits more at length hereafter.

We clip the following from an abstract of the Report of the Director of the Mint, and hope it will meet with that recognition from Congress such a department of mint-coinage deserves:

"The propriety of the establishment at the mint of a medal department is respectfully suggested, the importance of having some legislation on the subject having been further exhibited by the increased applications from cities, institutes and societies to strike medals at the

mint. Communications have also been received from the historical societies of several of the States, in relation to the subject of striking copies of the various historical medals heretofore ordered by the Government. The dies of nearly all of these medals are in the mint. To provide for the striking of copies of them in bronze or other metals, and supplying them to our various national and state institutions, is one of the objects recommended. A few of the dies are in the museum of the mint at Paris, among which is that of Washington before Boston, and General Green at Eutaw Springs. It is probable that on application to the French Government these dies could be recovered."

"IN THE WOODS."

A CHARMING picture by A. B. Durand, which has recalled the summer rambles of my younger days most vividly.

Hush! you will break my dream!

For in fancy far away,
I am out in the summer woods again,
Where the stream and the breezes play.

A moment since, I stood
In a studio's narrow bound,
And now I am under the broad green boughs,
And step o'er the tangled ground.

I am out by the woodland stream,
Chasing the swift bright hours,
A merry girl in my gipsy hat,
And my apron filled with flowers.

I rest on that fallen tree,
And talk with the singing birds,
And the butterfly comes, and the honey bee,
With a murmur of mystic words.

I gather the starry moss,
And the slender fern leaves press,
And the babbling speech of the rivulet,
It is mine alone to guess.

There is a breath on my brow,
Of the summer breezes light,
And a scent of the wild rose in the air,
And the strawberry blossoms white.

I am again "in the woods,"
Call me not back so soon,
A loiterer here with the Beautiful,
Out in the summer noon.

Careless and gay, and free,
Pressed not by coming years,
With a bounding step, and a heart of glee,
And a cheek unwet with tears.

A lingerer mid the halls
Of the forest which I love,
Where the arrowy glance of the sunlight falls
Thro' the parted boughs above.

Oh, painter! thy pencil's touch,
A fairy wand must be,
Summoning back from the silent Past,
Those golden days for me—

When I was far "in the woods,"
Lost in its leafy bowers,
A merry girl in my gipsy hat,
And my apron filled with flowers.

New York.

M. N. M.

THE friend who has kindly furnished us the following extract from a letter from the sculptor, Crawford, and who ought to know, assures us that the statue of Beethoven, intended for the Boston Music Hall, is an original work, and not a copy from the one in Bonn (!) as already stated in some of the papers. "It was finished two months ago. A musical 'fête' is to be held at Munich, in honor of the statue's going to America. The statue will be taken to

the Odeon, placed upon a proper pedestal, and receive a certain inauguration by having some of Beethoven's finest works performed for the occasion. This has been already announced in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and will create quite a sensation. The statue will be sent, immediately after the ceremony, to Bremen, and thus reach Boston in the summer."

It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of the idea, that a man of Mr. Crawford's fertility of imagination would set himself to work to make a copy of a modern German statue; and the still greater absurdity of supposing that an artist would receive such a commission from any person or persons. Mr. Crawford made four or five sketches for this statue before fixing upon one which satisfied him. They were very different one from the other, and none of them in the least resembling the statue in Bonn.—*Dwight's Musical Journal*.

In connection with the above, we clip the following from the *Athenæum* :—

In the Royal Bronze Foundry of Munich, a statue of Beethoven, by the American sculptor, Crawford, representing the great master more youthful and more jovial than Hahnel's statue on the Münster-platz at Bonn—has been finished, and is about to depart for the Music Hall at Boston, to which it has been presented by an American amateur. At the same establishment a colossal statue of Berzelius, intended for Stockholm, is in the course of progress; and the great equestrian statue of Washington, also by Mr. Crawford, which is to be a part of the intended Washington monument, will be cast in a very short time.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

MR. R. WESTMACOTT, jun., R.A., in a paper, originally read at a meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, but recently published, appears to agree entirely with our strong and repeated objections to the coloring of statues. He treats the taste, justly, as occasioned by a morbid demand for novelty, that would degrade sculpture to the level of wax-work, and debase and sensualize one of the purest and most spiritual forms that Art can assume. It is, in fact, another manifestation of the demand for Dutch imitation, so prevalent at the present day; another proof of our growing materialism and restless desire for change, even for the worse. Mr. Westmacott at once admits the proof that the Greeks sometimes colored their statues, but does not allow that such a precedent must be followed. It still remains to be proved that Phidias colored his statues—that such a practice was prevalent in the best age of sculpture—and that it was an ordinary, and not an exceptional, practice. Suppose the Greeks did besmear some statues, as one would a door, with a uniform and ungraduated tint, put in jewel eyes, or inlaid bronze lips with silver—there is still no reason that because we try to follow their good taste we should also follow their bad. Pausanias mentions a statue of Bacchus, made of gypsum and painted, and another of gold, with the face painted red. What could these have been but mere bedaubed idols and priestly relics? The Baths of Titus and the Villa of Hadrian, it must be remembered, though full of mural decorations, presented no instances of colored statues. No great statue has ever yet been found colored. The writer shows very judiciously that many passages in the ancient authorities on this subject are very vague, and, as they are at present corrupted in the text, utterly unintelligible. Thus, Pliny speaks of a statue of Athamas, the work of Aristonidas, who mixed iron with bronze to produce a redness that would resemble a blush; and Callistratus speaks of a Cupid, by Praxiteles, in which the same artifice was employed. Plu-

tarch mentions a statue of the dying Jocasta, formed of a metal that expressed the death-pallor of her countenance. Callistratus, equally ill understood, describes a statue of a Bacchante, who held in one hand a kid with its entrails exposed, the color of the marble representing the livid flesh. On such quotations, the chromatic school found their arguments. Mr. Westmacott thinks statue-coloring an Asiatic element in Greek Art. The color introduced into Greek architectural ornament was intended to complete the chromatic effect, and to insure distinctness or prominence to certain parts of the sculpture. Mr. Westmacott adduces the failure of the painted frieze at Sydenham, as an argument in his own favor. The figures have lost their symmetry, the composition its unity, and the finer details are suppressed or lost sight of. The beautiful sculptured procession is now a gilded toy.—*Athenæum*.

At the last meeting of the Oxford Architectural Society, Mr. Street made some interesting remarks on colored sculpture, and exhibited some fragments of ancient alabaster, where gold had been used for the hair, the edges of draperies, and the lining of robes, giving great distinctness to the form at a distance. Another gentleman observed, that mediæval sculptors, so far from fearing to lose the sharp edge of the chiselled stone, frequently covered their figures with a paste before coloring.—*Ibid.*

ANGELO, RAPHAEL, AND TITIAN.—Of Venetian Art I must speak in general terms, for it is peculiar, and can only be studied well, and understood by a long residence in Venice. In London, Paris and Florence, I had gazed with pleasure on the pictures of Titian, but in Venice, mere admiration was changed into wonder—almost awe, at his extraordinary power, knowledge and intellect. The words so universally uttered by critics, that "Titian was a great colorist, and nothing more," seemed so puerile, and when I confess, that loving sculpture more than painting, the coloring of a picture is quite unimportant to me, there must be something more than a mere love of paint, which would induce me to place him by the side of Raphael and Angelo, not as a rival, but as an equal. True Art-criticism is difficult in a gallery of miscellaneous pictures; the cause is, that besides judging a work of Art according to certain laws of beauty, it is necessary to understand the peculiarities of the time and the country producing it; thus no one would judge of the excellences of Giotto by a comparison with Raphael, of the singing of a child with that of Albani; then how could an Englishman entering a gallery from a London fog sympathize with, or appreciate, the richness of color, or voluptuousness of subject, of a picture by Titian, Tintoretto, or Paul Veronese? Art sympathizes with its age and country. The gorgeousness of the Venetian school was right for Venice, for all things speak of wealth, luxury and voluptuousness. Venetian Art shows the action of the commerce and of the climate, strangely combining somewhat of the first with the loving, indolent-luxuriousness of the latter, and reaching, in Titian, the limit to which dignity and earnestness of purpose could be combined with luxuriousness of color and treatment. It degenerated with nearly all contemporary or succeeding artists to mere vividness of coloring, regardless of high aims or deep thought, for instance, the picture by P. Veronese, "The family of Darius before Alexander." The figures are fat and without dignity, the costumes are exceedingly ugly and comparatively modern, and Alexander looks more like a dry-goods clerk in a new fancy-ball-costume, than a stern knightly warrior, glorying in the labors of war.

Let me reiterate, that to thoroughly appreciate Titian, his works must be studied in Venice. In the weary desert, the sphinx half covered by

the sand, looking with great calm eyes toward the setting sun, is a sublime and solemn sight, but in the British Museum its grandeur and dignity have left it. And I have seen a cockney, who would have gazed on it with awe-struck wonder in the desert, poke his black fingers into its calm eyes—eyes that seemed to look into Eternity—and call it with an ignorant grin, "A funny looking old buffer."

Art died in Italy with Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, as if the symbol had been completed by the initials of each name, and A. R. T. had perished with the glorious trinity, that ruled Art as Earth is ruled by the three Angels of Wisdom, Love and Truth, for Angelo corresponded to the spirit of Wisdom, Raphael to the spirit of Love, Titian to the spirit of Truth. The highest ultimatum of Love is Beauty, the nearest result of Wisdom is Power, and the result of Truth is the marriage of the two in true conjugal relationship. Love alone idealizes, the poet clothes the object of his idolatry with attributes immeasurably beyond her; the painters like Raphael, living in the Love-sphere, depict forms and expressions, possessing a harmony that cannot be found combined in Nature, but only like the small fragments of Greek statues that hint at Beauty rather than really express it. The productions of an artist like Angelo, living in the sphere of intellect, will show the power, the breadth, the sublimity, of Nature, rather than her beauty and harmony. In the work of Angelo we do not find beauty, but sublimity; not poetry, but thought; not gentleness, but profundity. The giant-limbed monumental figures of St. Peter's do not possess the attributes of women; they are fit companions for Titans, not men. The kisses of affection would be agony, and the embrace of love would be death. "Night and Morning," in the Medici Chapel (Florence) are giants holding no sympathy with men, possessing the form but not the passions of humanity—giants that could watch the bitterest suffering or most ecstatic happiness, with the same stony, unmoved calmness.

In the Florentine Academy stands a large block of stone, from the unyielding mass of which a rude giant seems to be struggling: great pieces have been stricken from it with apparent recklessness, appearing more like the anxious efforts of some brother Titan to help the monster from its prison, rather than the attempt of a sculptor to produce an Art-work.

Titian's works do not produce an impression of power as with Angelo's, or of beauty as with Raphael's, but are power and beauty equi-poised, resulting in a broader, more harmonious rendering of nature's truths. While gazing upon a well-formed man or woman, possessing all the attributes of humanity, the impression made is not of beauty alone, or of strength alone, or of intellect alone, but the impression is of exquisite harmony, an accord with, and perfect adaptation to, all Nature. Thus, in any one of the higher works of Titian, the beauty is not observed particularly, although it is full of beauty, nor the intellect, although it is the consummation of thought; the impression is of exquisite harmony—of all truth. The study of the Art of Italy after the death of Titian, is the study not of life, but of a lingering decay, requiring the intellect of a giant, like Madam Rachel, who could watch with calm, stern interest, the terrible contortions of a poison-dying woman, without a shudder.—*From Rambles and Reveries of an Art Student.*

ANECDOTES OF CATLIN.—We have seen a most interesting letter, says the *London Morning Advertiser*, from a young man who has recently settled in Brazil, in which he speaks of a *rencontre* with Catlin, the celebrated ethnographer and traveller. He met him in George Town, Demerara, and was immediately recognized, although it was ten years since they had seen each other in the Egyptian Hall. "You

won't know me," he said to Catlin; "it is ten years since you saw me." Catlin, in answer, pronounced his name in an instant. They proceeded, together, 1,500 miles, "by land, and by water, through forests, and swamps, and prairies," following the course of the Amazon, and we select the following incidents on the journey. The first, relating to Colt's pistols, contains a hint to some *old Chiefs* in England. We must explain that Catlin had received the name of "Governor" from his youthful associate:

HOW THE OLD CHIEF WAS ASTONISHED BY A COLT.—"The Governor had one of Colt's pistols in his belt, and one of his revolving rifles always in his hand, and I had the old Minie, with whose power you are somewhat acquainted. I had let out the idea that the Governor's gun could shoot all day without reloading, which made an illustration necessary. They were all anxious to see it 'set in motion,' and I placed the door of our tent, which was part of a cow-skin stretched on a hoop, at the distance of sixty or seventy yards, with a bull's eye in the centre. The whole village had assembled, and the Governor took his position and went off,—one! two! three! four! five! six!—I then stepped up and told him that was enough, I presumed; and while the old Chief was assuring him that they were all convinced, and it was a pity to waste any more ammunition, the Governor was slipping the empty cylinder off and another one on, with six charges more, without their observing what he was doing—he offered to proceed; but all were satisfied that his gun would shoot all day without stopping, and this report travelled ahead of us to all the tribes we afterwards visited in that region."

The next is a Tiger story:

KEEP COOL, AND DON'T SPILL THE GRAVY.—"One day when he had landed so, and most of our party were lying asleep on the boat, which was drawn under the shade of some large trees, the Governor and I had collected wood and made a large fire on the bank, two or three rods from the boat, over which we were roasting a fat pig which I had shot from the boat during the morning. I was squat down on one side of the fire, holding a short-handled frying-pan in which we had made some very rich gravy, which the Governor, who was squatted down opposite to me, was laddling over the pig, with an Indian wooden spoon. All of a sudden, I observed his eye fixed upon something over my shoulder, when he said to me in a very low tone, 'Now, I want you to keep perfectly cool, and don't spill your gravy—there is a splendid tiger behind you!' I held fast to the frying-pan, and turning my head gradually around, I had a full view of the fellow, within eight paces of me, lying flat on his side, and with his paws lifting up and playing with the legs of one of our Spaniards, who had laid himself down upon his belly and was fast asleep. Our rifles were left in the boat! The Governor drew himself gradually down the bank, on his hands and feet, ordering me not to move; I was in hopes he would have taken his old Minie, but he preferred his own weapon, and getting it to bear upon the beast, he was obliged to wait some minutes for it to raise its head, so as not to endanger the poor Spaniard; at the crack of the rifle the animal gave a piercing screech, and leaped about 15 feet straight into the air, and fell quite dead. The Spaniard leaped nearly as far in a different direction; and at the same instant, from behind a little bunch of bushes on the opposite side, and not half the distance from our fire, and right behind the Governor's back, where he had been sitting, sprang the mate, which darted into the thicket and disappeared. We skinned this beautiful animal, which was shot exactly between the eyes, and after all hands had withdrawn to the boat, waited several hours in hopes that the other one would show itself again, but we waited in vain, and lost our game."